

PICTURES OF CITY LIFE.

RANDOM SKETCHES DRAWN BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

A Democratic Little Dog Who Nearly Forgot to Bark.

During the late epidemic of the blizzard, in one of the small crooked streets, walked a poor woman, thin and small, wrapped closely about her a well-worn shawl. By her side gambled a little frisky dog. His small tail was held erectly in the air and he leaped along in three-leaping steps having the most time in the world. It was not that he was so utterly insensible he was to the three-score miles an hour of wind which was trying to blow him the wrong way.

Suddenly a small child came along with its father and an older sister. The dog was having a good time with himself that he couldn't look out for infants. The sidewalk was slippery from the rain even had frozen on it, and down slid the joyous little dog on his side.

It quite upset him for a moment, not only literally, but metaphorically. He scrambled to his feet in the quickest way in the world, shook his head and tail in the air and trotted on just as good-naturedly as if there were no children or slippery sidewalks in the universe.

It was an odd sight, not without a certain pathos. That poor old woman moving along, a sojourner in the valley of humility, pressing her thin shawl around her to keep her thin body warm, moved along with such a deprecating air as if she was apologizing for existing at all in a world which had no use for poverty or hungry people.

Then, the luxurious happy little dog, who was just as attentive to the poor old lady as if she were a monarch, and nearly went out of his head with delight when she said a few words or took any notice of him.

It showed what a democratic creature the dog is when taken in a natural unobtrusive state. Had he been a human being, Fifth avenue and fed on Huyler's chocolates and taken out to be aired in an open carriage every day, he would have sniffed at the old lady and treated her with unbounded contempt.

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Who said "Hiss, hiss!" and Behold it Was Not Jim.

There is a handsome young woman who keeps a fashionable boarding-house in a fashionable neighborhood uptown who has not dared to go outdoors or even sit at the front windows for three days past, and it all came about this way.

She has a waiter girl who is a beautiful creature, and has the best of admirers. The one she favors most is a tall, good-looking negro, and occasionally he calls at the house for his girl, when he wants to take her out evening.

The lady is very considerate of her help, and knew the girl's beau, or at least she thought she did, by sight.

One night recently, after dinner, Sarah said to her mistress who was going upstairs to get at the front window for a breath of air: "Miss Lillie, if you see Jim waiting for me, tell him to come in, if you please. I won't be through for a long time yet, and it's chilly outside."

"All right," said the landlady kindly. When she went to the window she saw a handsome negro waiting in a broad grin over the top of a second to throw up the window and say:

"Hiss! hiss! downstairs! downstairs!" in a way she spoke the dining-room in the basement.

Imagine her horror when the man turned full face to her and she saw that she had addressed the wrong one.

She hurried down to the window and retired precipitately. She thought she had seen the last of him, but she was mistaken. Going to the window an hour later she saw the fellow on the other side of the street.

He bowed, smiled and raised his hat, evidently thinking he had made a smash, and she fled again.

The story leaked out some way and the boarders have been in a broad grin ever since. Every evening, nearly, the big black man can be seen on duty in front of the house, and it will soon be necessary to invoke police interference.

A Fatalist Resort for Poker Players of the Fair Sex.

Poker playing among ladies is assuming a serious aspect if what an old gambler said during the progress of a quiet little game up-town the other night is true.

All at the board were well acquainted, with the exception of an EVENING WORLD young man, and he had been vouchsafed by one of these present.

"Dick," as the old gambler was addressed, said: "Everett's wife opened the women's club-room to-day. He'll make money on that scheme."

"He deserves it. He is a good one," said another.

"Will men be admitted?" asked a third. "No. Even the attendants will be of the female sex," said Dick, and then the reporter began to understand that they were talking about a gambling room for women, and meekly asked if that was so.

"Yes," said Dick, "and it's the finest one of its kind in town. Everett runs a place himself, and he is backing this one; but his wife is the nominal proprietor, and he will never show up there. He started to work the scheme last summer. His wife came of a good family, which disowned her for marrying Jack."

He put her to work at the race track last summer, and got acquainted with some first-class gamblers, and then the reporter began to understand that they were talking about a gambling room for women, and meekly asked if that was so.

"It will be conducted in first-class style. The sideboard is one of the best appointed that I ever saw. Everett gave me a private view yesterday."

"Where is this place?" asked the reporter.

"I would have no hesitation in telling you, but I gave my word to Jack, and I can not do so. You see the scandals that might ensue if men got on to the place and went there would probably break it up."

The proprietor's name is not Everett, but the facts of the story are as good.

"CAPTAIN SWIFT."

The hero of R. Haddon Chambers's play, "Captain Swift," which was produced at the Madison Square Theatre last night, is an escaped criminal. The heroine is married to a worthy man, by whom she has children, and who is unaware that she has sinned in her youth, and that the fruit of her sin is alive. The hero turns out to be Mrs. Seabrook's illegitimate son. There are a few not very interesting love complications and a detective, and the play is brought to an end in a very artistic way by the arrest of the criminal, the mother remaining undisturbed in her happy domestic surroundings.

In London, Capt. Swift committed suicide, I believe, and thus destroyed all evidence of his mother's sin. I think that was artistic. But we are told that New York audiences do not like suicides, so to their peculiarity art is sacrificed, and Capt. Swift is merely arrested, leaving every body uncomfortable, and sending the audience home with the thought that the play is a masterpiece. The last act of "Captain Swift" is distinctly weak.

There is no comedy element in Mr. Chambers's play. The gloomy subject is treated without the least contrast. There is a great deal of mystery, but it leads to nothing at all. Mr. Chambers is anxious to awaken as much suspicion as possible, and tries very hard to be Wilkie Collinsish. He is not at all successful.

The only reason I can imagine why "Captain Swift" should have made such a big success in London is that the Londoners, though they won't confess it, deeply love a spice of immorality in their plays, especially when the guilt is confessed, and can thus be condoned. If "Captain Swift" point any moral, it is merely that guilt can be successfully covered up in time, if only the guilty parties will have patience. Though some charitable folks may think Mrs. Seabrook suffered sufficiently, that will not be the cruel world's verdict.

Marjorie Barrymore made a very effective Capt. Swift. His manner was well matched and sincere. Agnes Booth as Mrs. Seabrook was at her best. Miss Annie Russell and Miss Marie Durroughs charming in very small parts and Mrs. E. J. Phillips excellent. J. H. Stoddard, E. M. Holland, Frederick Robinson and Walden Ramey were also in the cast, and there was a pleasant young man named Woodruff, who had fawn hair and plenty of self-possession.

ALAN DALL.

THE NEW TO ABSORB THE OLD.

A Coming Union of the American and New York Jockey Clubs.

The sensation in racing circles is over the absorption of the old American Jockey Club by the New York Jockey Club, the arrangements for which are in progress.

This absorption will give the New York Jockey Club a place in the Eastern circuit of racing associations and will put Jerome Park into its control for next Spring.

The process of weakening has been going on in the American Jockey Club since August Belmont retired from its head, and the coming consolidation will be only a natural result of the loss of prestige.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. J. J.—If a person sells for \$1 an article which cost him 80 cents his profit is 20 percent. W. Hamilton.—1. None of the other. 2. David Prosser, 853 Broadway.

Net.—The Marquis of Queensberry sailed for Europe last week. The Duke of Sutherland is still in this country.

G. J.—The finder of the ticket cannot legally claim the article, but it is customary for pawnbrokers to deliver the goods to any one holding the ticket, on payment of the principal and interest.

W. G.—The temperature of space is about 640 degrees below zero. Every celestial body, the earth, of course, absorbs heat from the sun, and gives it off in a form of heat and light from the surface. The snow on the tops of mountains in the tropics is accounted for by the fact that beyond the range of heat radiated from the earth.

A Chance for Manufacturers.

[From Puck.]

"Puck suggests a machine that ought to sell well among families with teething children. It neat, compact and saves wearing out the carpet."

Comforting.

[From the Cartoon.]

Timid, spirituelle child just returned from a funeral. Oh, dear, we've all got to die and be buried.

Vigorous little brother, in encouraging tone—Come now, brace up, Richie; of course we've all got to go through with it, but not very often you know.

Not as Easy Matter.

[From the Cartoon.]

Willis—Well, Spriggins, my boy, I see that Rider Haggard always wears a short velvet coat. I suppose you, as a literary man, will follow suit.

Spriggins (unrecognized)—Follow suit! A very good pun. But I'm afraid I can't until I get another pair of pants.

From Oregon.

WOLF CURE, JOSEPHINE Co., Ore., April 7, 1888.

Flamingo Brand.

Dear Sirs: Having suffered with liver complaint for some years past, I have tried several remedies, and the only one which gave perfect satisfaction was Dr. C. McLean's Celebrated Liver Pills. My husband and I both used one box, and three doses worked wonders for me. I feel like a new woman, and I write you to return thanks for so much benefit. I recommend all my friends to try Dr. C. McLean's Celebrated Liver Pills.

Mrs. REBECCA CARGO.

Cure sick headache, biliousness, liver complaint, dyspepsia, heartburn, indigestion, malaria, pimples on face and body, impure blood, &c., by using regularly Dr. C. McLean's Celebrated Liver Pills, prepared by James B. Allen, Pittsburg, Pa. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. McLean's Celebrated Liver Pills, prepared by James B. Allen, Pittsburg.

Ob. Richard! Richard! My husband is here alive, while we thought him dead."

Their eyes met after the truth was told; hers fearful, beseeching, despairing, his glancing with a far-away look, red and lurid. His stern mouth quivered just a trifle, and his clutch of her hands strengthened till she cried with the pain. Then he flung them from her, and peered up and down the room, never glancing at the bowed form on the sofa.

Several moments of silence intervened, then in an unconquerable impulse he knelt

beside her, pushing back the streaming hair with both hands, and holding up the wet face, kissed her again and again—sister, wife, broken hearts never occur. Bertha, good-bye!"

"Bertha, this is the last. Good-bye, my love! I will go to love in a realm where marriage is never heard of. Broken hearts never occur. Bertha, good-bye!"

"A pretty one, you are, ain't you now? Mrs. Marchmont, to be making love to the man, and your own husband lying sick in a foreign land! It's all very well for you to pretend you thought I was dead, but you little game is up now, and I've returned home for good, resolved to become a decent man and settle down in the bosom of my family."

James Marchmont threw himself into the chair Richard Emery had quitted not ten minutes before, and lighted a meerschaum pipe.

Bertha's cheeks crimsoned with anger. "I'll trouble you to leave the room. Your tobacco smoke is very disagreeable to me."

"Sorry for that, but my pipe will be out in a moment or so. Suppose you were to call

me James again, as you used to do, just for the novelty of the thing, you know. May I'll go then."

"James Marchmont, will you leave me in my own home, or shall I go myself to make another, where I shall take good care you don't intrude?"

Bertha Marchmont issued an imperial edict, her eyes blazing like stars, her form quivering with ill-suppressed indignation. With a gasp, Richard Emery rose, and bowed down his head, and I guess you wouldn't be sorry if I left. Now I'll tell you what I'll do: give me \$500 and I'll quit the house—yes, the town, and you can never see or hear from me again. Will you do it?"

Without a word Bertha walked over to her desk, and unlocking it, drew out a roll of bills, which she placed in his hand.

"Take 'em! Go! Remember your promise."

She pointed to the door. He bowed with mock gallantry, kissed his hand and went out.

"She never suspected. It was a sharp game, wasn't it, the sending a letter to her just as she was announcing my arrival, eh?"

"Jim Keller, you're a trump; you're a!"

He didn't finish the sentence, for the heavy tread of a policeman fell on the shoulder of each.

"You're my prisoners! Arrested on a charge made by this gentleman, who, in passing you, heard you say that you were going to leave your own wife. This way, men!"

Their little game had turned out to be a trump, after all.

Bertha was sitting alone in the parlor the next morning when she heard a loud knock at the door, which was opened by the servant, who told her that Mr. Richard Emery appeared before her, his face all alight and his eyes full of tenderness. Before she could speak he had clasped her in his arms, after a moment's mistake, it was a mistake, a glorious mistake! You are my own, after all, forever and forever!"

She lay perfectly quiet in his arms, a beautiful light breaking over her face.

"We can love each other, then, again?"

IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

Billiardist Schaefer Spoiled the Talked-of Tournament.

He Objected to the Proposed Method of Handicapping—Steve Brodie Indicted at Albany—Not Abated in Pugilistic Ardor—Arcate Sinclair Wants a Race—General Athletic News.

The subject of a billiard tournament was agitated about two months ago, with the idea of having the affair take place the first of the present month. It was proposed that in order to enhance the pleasure of the entertainment Daly, Carter and Sexton should play an eight-ball balk-line game, while Schaefer and Slossom should play a fourteen-inch game, thus allowing each man to be conspicuous and place the players on an even basis. Schaefer, however, would not agree to this handicap. He wanted the handicap to be in points instead of lines, and refused to play. Carter is now playing in Chicago, and his best single average up to Saturday night was 10 points and his highest run 38. The game is fourteen-inch balk line, and Carter and Gallagher were even in first place at the end of the first week. Schaefer has offered to play for money an exhibition game the final night, this week Saturday, giving odds of 800 to 400 points. Carter has declared that he will not accept odds in case he wins, although Schaefer's average in match games is a fraction over 25 points, and he has the highest record for runs in the fourteen-inch balk-line game. The Eastern players are still willing to organize and enter a tournament to be played in New York, and even several European players have expressed a desire to enter into such a tournament.

John Teemer expects to go to San Francisco this winter to row a match with Henry Peterson, the California oarsman.

Archie Sinclair, of London, ex-champion amateur walker, has been in this city two weeks trying to arrange to walk or run a mile for money and glory. Archie became a professional when he entered the go-as-you-please race at Madison Square Garden in February. He holds the amateur walking record for 31 to 120 miles, and running record from 32 to 91 miles. His record for a mile walk is 6m. 42s. made in 1884 in London.

Steve Brodie offers to match Jack Lambert, of Norwich, Conn., against Jack Fallon, of Brooklyn, a young boy, to spar ten rounds under the same conditions which governed Fallon's bout with Tom Lee Monday night, or for 75 and 25 percent. of the receipts. The reason for this was explained by the fact that the Gaby-Boden fight.

Dannie O'Brien and Pat Wilkins, the bantam-weights, have gone into training for the contents of the Varuna Boat Club, to be held in about two weeks. Kid Kennedy is training O'Brien and Ned Ryan is looking for a fight with Wilkins. Both bantams are pupils of Charlie White.

The Mitchell-Kilrain combination will be in Chicago the week of Dec. 17. It is thought that the two are there to enter a contest with the "Crystal Slipper," which is now playing the heroine in "Among the Pines," which is on tour.

Handsome soured were presented at the Casino last night, when "The Yeomen of Guard" was sung for the fiftieth time.

Another large and thoroughly well-pleased audience saw "Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the Casino last night. The play, which appeared in the title role, and those who expected to be disappointed at not seeing Elsie Leslie came away highly gratified because of the success of "The Crystal Slipper," which is now playing the heroine in "Among the Pines," which is on tour.

Speculation, gambling and general extravagance led to the banker's downfall.

By the failure and flight of M. Jacques Meyer, the Paris banker, Mme. Jane Hading loses about 70,000 francs which she had on deposit with him.

The handsome young actress had only recently sent a large sum of money to her banker from America.

"I do not like to think about it," she said to a St. Louis reporter, "as it makes me so unhappy."

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Coming Events.

Reception of the Spartan Harriers Thursday, Dec. 13, at Nilsson Hall.

Annual ball of the Gate Caterie at Walhalla Hall, 48 to 52 Orchard street, Wednesday evening, Dec. 6.

Second annual ball of the Lady Rose Society at the Lexington Avenue Opera-House, Thursday evening, Dec. 6.

Invitation ball of the Young Indians of the Nineteenth Ward, Lexington Avenue Opera-House, Friday evening, Dec. 7.

Second annual reception of the Gold-Bears Protective Union of New York and vicinity in Arlington Hall, 217 West 21st street, Friday evening, Dec. 7.

Tenth anniversary entertainment and ball of the Ladies' Aid Society at the Casino, 207 East Fifty-sixth street, Thursday, Jan. 17, 1889.

It Was Always Thus.

[From Puck.]

Rolla—Will you tell me, Jonas, why the honest grocer departs from precedent and puts the small apples on the top of the barrel of large apples? Rolla, the honest grocer has no large apples.

A Good Word for Col. Hain.

In a recent edition you wonder why the guards stand outside of the platform in the cold and wet. For information to the travelling public I will inform you that it is the duty of all conductors and guards to stand outside on down graded curves. At other times they are allowed to remain inside at the door of the car. It is a very unusual thing for the air brakes failing to work, and they are called upon to use the utmost care to prevent any accident. Col. Hain, the manager of the road, is admitted to be a very good fellow, and he has the most kind and kind-hearted men to all the employees of the road. Trusting that in justice to him and his management you will give him two lines of this nature. "Rolla, a colored man."

New York, Nov. 30.

Views of an Anti-Smoker.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The greatest nuisance in my estimation is smoking in the street and in public places. Besides being a great annoyance to people of refinement, it shows want of breeding and gentlemanly instincts in those who will blow the foul smoke into other people's faces. Some of the very prominent men in the city, for years, and any afternoon in the crowded hours and children are compelled to stand among a cloud of smoke and breathe the fumes of the cigarette.

"No Smoking" may be posted in prominent places, but employees do not enforce the rule. I have seen a cigarette smoker turn out to be one of the best men in the city, and I have seen a cigarette smoker turn out to be one of the worst men in the city.

ONE WHO HAS SOME REGARD FOR OTHERS.

Comparative and Superlative.

[From the Cartoon.]

"And yes, say they all were drowned."

"Yes, all but one woman—a dressmaker—who managed to grasp a floating spar and she held on till help came."

"Ah, I see. The survival of the fitter."

In a Bookstore.

[From Puck's Affixings.]

Young Amateur Actress—Have you Shakespeare's plays in pamphlet form?

Clerk—Yes. Which one do you want?

Y. A. Actress (theatricality)—Well—er—you may give me "A Brass Monkey" to begin with.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearlina, or "the same as Pearlina."

It's false—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers.

Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

Beware

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GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

Pretty little Delore's Key Experience with Her Mr. Barnes's People.

Pretty little Delore, whose shapeliness was one of the pleasant features of "The Queen's Mate," and whose spirited leadership of the cadets' march was the delight of the bald-headed community, is in the city at present, rudely awakened from "love's young dream."

As related in THE EVENING WORLD a short time ago, Miss Delore married a Mr. Barnes of San Francisco, the son of very wealthy parents. When she announced that fact she was enjoying a wedding trip, and the "stunt" looked bright. Her promise (The sounds rather chaste, but it's a fact.) Miss Delore now has a sad sequel to tell. It appears that she and her husband put up at the Palace Hotel in "Frisco" after the honeymoon, and she resolved to take a run to New York to "wind up" her affairs here. She had a flat to give up and sundry little tasks to perform. So she took a fond farewell of Mr. Barnes and left him at the Palace Hotel. She came to New York, executed her missions and returned to "Frisco." During her absence Mr. Barnes had been taken seriously ill, suffering from aneurism of the heart. His life was despaired of. His parents, hearing of his illness, immediately went to the hotel and had the young man taken to their home. Although indignant at his marriage, they resolved to see him through his illness. Thoroughly alarmed, Mrs. Delore-Barnes went to the house of her husband's parents. They refused to recognize her. They positively declined to let her see her husband, or even to communicate with him. After waiting for a long time Mrs. Barnes came on to New York and is now here. She will probably accept an engagement in New York. The only means she has of communicating with her husband is through his doctor. Mrs. Barnes has just heard that it will be two months before he can be taken to his home. She spends her time interviewing heart specialists in the city.

Joseph Wheelock, it is said, has been engaged to play Macduff to the Macbeth of Charles O'Connell and the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Langtry.

Will R. Wilson, one of the authors of "Among the Pines," which is now playing the heroine in "Among the Pines," which is on tour.

Handsome